

Cream Dreams by **Natcoji**

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Porn Without Plot, sorta - Freeform

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Summary:

It was supposed to be just a morning breakfast. But Billy Hargrove can turn even breakfast time into a good time. Steve should've anticipated it, really.

Cream Dreams

Author's Note:

Okay, so this fic is very much quite short compared to what I usually write. I'm not the type to write PWP, but this damn idea got into my head and, well... this happened.

I'm currently working on a much longer Harringrove fanfiction, so stay tuned for that, my dudes.

For now, have this trashy gift of senseless morning rutting described in words.

My Tumblr username is Natcoji - be sure to visit if you have any requests or you just wanna rave about Harringrove in general.

Enjoy!

Steve rummaged through the cupboards, trying to find at least one usable ingredient for breakfast. Billy was still asleep up in his bedroom, no doubt dreaming about Iron Maiden and sunny days in California.

As soon as Steve told Billy that his parents were away for the weekend, there was no need to even convince Billy to stay at his house.

They'd spent that Friday exploring each other's bodies - they had as much time as they could possibly want, and they could be as loud as they damn well pleased. So, they were real fucking loud.

It was a nice change, to say the least. The only sexual interaction Steve and Billy would have would always have to be in the back of Billy's Camaro or in the gym showers after basketball practise. If they were lucky, there would be a quick blowjob or handjob under the bleachers at school. But it was always rushed. They never had time to really *indulge* in one another.

Steve found a tin of Spaghetti-Os. That just wouldn't cut it. Now, Steve was a long-time fan of Spaghetti-Os, there's no doubt about that. But they just wouldn't do as a breakfast.

Defeated, he decided to walk over to the refrigerator and look inside. He spotted some whipped cream and a bowl of fruit salad that his mom prepared. Well, what the heck.

Steve grabbed a long tray from one of the various kitchen counter drawers, along with two small bowls. He split the bowl of fruit so that each small bowl had an equal amount. He squirted the whipped cream over the fruit, making sure to cover the entirety of both bowls. Steve had a nagging thought that it may just be too much whipped cream that he used just there, but fuck it. Billy liked whipped cream, Steve liked whipped cream. Not much to complain about.

It wasn't too great of a breakfast, but it'd do. He filled two glasses with orange juice and grabbed two slices of bread, toasting them and spreading golden butter on to the slices, watching the golden solid melt into the warm bread. Placing the toast and glasses of OJ onto the large tray along with his creamy fruit salad concoction, he began to make his way upstairs.

When he was near to his bedroom door, he heard Billy softly snoring. Steve chuckled to himself and gently pushed the door open with his foot. Setting the breakfast tray down onto his nightstand, he quietly climbed back into bed and softly shook Billy by the shoulder.

"Billy" Steve whispered.

No answer.

"Billy" Steve said more forcefully.

The younger boy's long eyelashes fluttered as he began to awaken, grunting something in sleep-language, until lazily smiling when he realised that he was in Steve's bed.

"G'morning, princess"

"Good morning, sleepy-head"

"Mind if I have a slice of that delicious-looking toast right there?" Billy pointed to the breakfast tray.

Steve picked up the tray and set it on the bed. Billy's eyes lit up at the sight of the food in front of him, making Steve feel an ounce of pride at what he had prepared.

Billy picked up a slice of toast, quickly devouring it. Butter had smeared over his lips and some of his chin.

"Gross" muttered Steve, eyeing the butter attached to Billy's face.

Billy grinned, stretching his tongue down to lick up the remaining piece of butter from his face. He grabbed a glass of OJ from the tray and gulped it down as if his life depended on it. Steve watched Billy's adam's apple bob up and down, causing his stomach to flutter as the boy beside him swallowed the liquid. Billy set the empty glass back on the tray, quickly surveying Steve's portion of food.

"You gonna eat that?" Billy questioned, eyeing the piece of toast that Steve had originally made for himself.

"Yeah, I am" Steve's voice wavered, not being able to tear his eyes away from Billy's tongue, which was now licking the butter from his lips. He suddenly began to remember how skilled that tongue was, how deftly it explored Steve's body the night before.

"You don't sound too sure about that, *Stevie*" Billy teased, grabbing a small piece of kiwi from his bowl of fruit salad, obscenely licking it and eating only a small piece of it, offering the rest to Steve. Steve grabbed the remaining piece of kiwi from Billy's fingers with his teeth, letting the flavour engulf his mouth. Billy leaned forward and pressed his lips against Steve's, pushing his tongue in.

As both boy's tongues languidly moved together, Steve could taste kiwi and butter. The flavour was oddly pleasant. Billy pulled away, the older boy moaning from the loss.

"Now, why would you put that much whipped cream on a bowl of fruit, princess?" Billy drawled out in a husky and deep voice, caressing Steve's cheek with his right hand.

"I dunno. I guessed you like a lot of whipped cream. You don't tend to eat very healthily"

"Alright, *Dad*. Enough about my diet. See, I think you were just trying to hint that we should try something new"

"Wha-"

Before Steve could ask what the other boy meant, Billy reached to grab his pyjama t-shirt and damn near ripped it off, throwing it away to some unknown corner of the bedroom. Steve was about to protest until he saw Billy grab a small scoop of whipped cream from his bowl and reached for Steve's nipple, rubbing the cream all over it. He dipped his head down and licked every trace of the cream off, softly licking at the hard pebble of flesh. Steve let out a surprised gasp. He certainly didn't expect *this*. But then again, Billy was just full of surprises.

The blonde began to take his underwear off, his erection bouncing out as his briefs were removed, leaving him fully naked. Steve quickly slid his pyjama pants and underwear off, leaving both boys exposed to each other, sweat already beginning to glisten on Billy's chest as he breathed heavily with lust, Steve entranced by the sight.

Billy lifted the breakfast tray off of the bed and placed it on Steve's nightstand. He dipped his fingers back into the bowl of fruit placed on the breakfast tray and grabbed another scoop of whipped cream, his other hand pushing against Steve's chest so that he was lying on his back on the bed, staring at Billy with a finger covered in cream. The younger boy threw the sheets off of them, settling himself between Steve's thighs.

He traced a cream-covered finger down Steve's erection, licking his lips when noticing the contrast of the pink, wet tip of Steve's cock to the white cream covering the shaft. Billy lied down on his stomach, propping himself up by his elbows as he settled comfortably in between Steve's spread thighs.

A devious pair of lips kissed the tip of Steve's cock, tonguing the small slit at the top. The tongue made a path further down, as it began to lick up the whipped cream smothered onto his shaft. Steve

threw his head back, the teasing licks and nips giving him sensory overload. He couldn't help but thrust his hips forward, causing Billy to smirk and grip Steve's waist down.

Billy leaned back and grabbed another scoop of whipped cream from the fruit salad bowl, covering the tip of Steve's cock with the creamy substance. Steve let out a long and guttural moan as Billy took him into his mouth. God, he'd forgotten just how skilled that tongue really was.

Small hums of satisfaction from Billy caused sensual vibrations on Steve's cock.

"Jesus, Billy... I'm gonna..."

Just as he felt his climax approaching, the mouth that had engulfed his cock was gone. Steve looked into Billy's eyes, darkened with lust. Straddling Steve's hips, he grabbed both Steve's and his own erection with his hand, which still had a small amount of cream left on it.

Both cocks slid wetly against one another as Billy thrust into his hand, slicked by the amalgamation of precum and whipped cream. Steve couldn't stop looking at Billy's face - all flushed, panting, curls plastered to his forehead, his eyes closed in pleasure. He looked like some goddamn gorgeous pornstar.

Steve was coming close, and he could tell Billy was, too. The thrusts became more frantic, both Billy's and Steve's breathing becoming more erratic, chests heaving heavily as their mouths let out a string of curses.

"Fuck, Billy"

Steve couldn't hold it in anymore. He let out a loud and animalistic moan, thrusting upwards due to the orgasmic spasms he was experiencing as he painted Billy's fingers and his own stomach with hot, sticky ropes of cum.

"Oh yeah, princess. So fuckin' hot..." Billy trailed off as his breath caught, his thrusts becoming slower as he came on Steve's cock and stomach.

Steve felt his breath winded out of him as a large weight fell upon him as Billy collapsed on Steve in a post-orgasm high.

"Billy? You're real heavy, man. I'm gonna sink into the mattress here"

Billy let out an almost silent chuckle, lifting himself off of Steve and turning over, lying on his back beside the brunette. He extended his arm to the edge of the mattress, reaching down onto the floor and feeling around until he felt his denim jacket. He grabbed a cigarette and a lighter, wasting no time in lighting it, taking his first drag.

"Woah, Billy. You can't smoke in here. It'll sti-"

"Relax, baby. I'll make sure to open the windows afterwards. Wouldn't wanna taint Queen Steve's royal bed chamber with the smell of toxic chemicals" Billy playfully mocked, displaying a toothy grin.

"You're a fucking asshole, you know that?" replied Steve.

"Yeah"

Billy exhaled the cigarette fumes into Steve's face, causing a grimace to form on the other's face.

"I know, *princess*"